Poems

- Brian Edwards

I awoke
feeling like
a cracked eggshell
gone from me
momentarily
were those dreams
of immortal light
the shine
the radiance
the star
it is a star
light of all
sacred memory
that was
and is
behold a radiance
that may reach
your very soul
the star
the star
the star

***

- 6/13/2026

Feeling nothing
as the gargoyles
laugh
feeling nothing
as the vultures
sing ballads
high above
vines .... vines
the vines
just kept growing
no one did
a thing
about it
since the seventeenth
century
have you seen
my looking glass
how I long
to find
my looking glass

***

- 6/13/2026

Perhaps
sometimes
it is better
to not have
loved at all
than to have
loved
and been thrown
into the thicket
of thorns
Sunlight
water ... air
and inevitability
creates the thorns
in other words
the world
creates the thorns
and we
of this world
create the thorns
perhaps sometimes
it is better
to never offer
your blood
and soul
to the thorns
of love

***

- 6/14/2026

I sing
to no one
a ballad
of nothing
upon a morning
of a bright
sense of absence
and disorientation
with the whole
idea
of latitude
and longitude
I sing
to no one
yet I listen
to the birds
of the morning
singing
a goddess
of destiny
looks down
upon the world
from the clouds
time is like
the wind
a river
an ocean
the birds
of the morning
carry on
a long tradition
with their songs

***

- 6/14/2026

When everything
seems confused
I call upon
the muse
I'm hopeful
for the great ruse
to finally end
I have waited long
for the ruse
to end
the great ruse
caused me
to lose my muse
I have searched
for my muse
in quiet valleys
when the Sun
shines high above

***

- 6/14/2026

Under
a pale Moonlight
we'll drink
our shots right
and be drunk
all the night
yet you'll never
see us fight
we've got
too much
sympathetic light
in our hearts
for our fellow
drunks
in the pale
Moonlight

***

- 6/15/2026

The truth
the truth
is a jagged thing
it's a thing
made of
volcanic glass
it's a thing
depicted
in stained glass
windows
it's a thing
of the bog
and a thing
of the fog
the truth
is a bitter pill
for the newspapers
sometimes
wine is wine
and song
is song
and I say
we don't belong
where truth
doesn't grow
like a vine

***

- 6/16/2026

We wait
and wait
as the hour's late
as fate stirs
in the wheat field
as monuments
of stone
stand alone
a feeling
that was
once there
dissipates
into thin air
and while
some still care
others
do not care
what a masterpiece
of illusion
it was
so it goes
as it always did
before
we had forgotten

***

- 6/16/2026

O' those memories
of a distant time
half lost
and forgotten
from drinking
too much
cheap wine
there were
many fine days
those many
years ago
the rest for me
is obscured
like a new
fallen snow

***

- 6/16/2026

My muse
is a cold wind
a lightning storm
a tree branch
that really
catches the eye
at Sunset
in October
my muse
knows the ruse
all too well
my muse
never speaks
falsely
for my muse
never speaks
my muse
simply implies
that I should
surmise
what to write
all myself
and so it is
as the sparrows
of dawn
sing again

***

- 6/16/2026

Now they see me
now they don't
what's it matter
when the job
is a dreary grind
make a miracle
happen
cast light upon
what was hidden
for so long
what's it
really matter
when the job
is a dreary grind
be an artist
of the ages
find the muse
back where
it all began
ponder things
that nobody
ever pondered before
what's it matter
when the job
is a dreary grind
now how about
some wine
my fellow traveller
through this world

***

- 6/16/2026

The well
is a true well
dug very well
a true well
dug well
all the way
down to Hell
old wooden
buckets
are lowered down
on a rope
all that
ever comes
back up
is lost hope

***

- 6/16/2026

Rescue me
from a wayward dream
on a wayward night
that didn't seem right
something
about its form
fell upon me
like a storm
never before
have I known
such a dream
though several
have seemed
a bit wayward
it's true

***

- 6/16/2026

There....
when I close
my eyes
I see
the brighter sky
I see an old
lighthouse
by the sea
a lovely place
to escape to
for you and me
when the crazies
get too crazy
I see them
up there
the seagulls
in the
brighter sky

***

- 6/16/2026

The day begins
with a fiery
looking sky
to the east
many industrial
machines
awaken
so be it
written
in the psyche
of an age
along with
the machines
we grind up
the hours
truth
is sometimes
beauty
and sometimes
fog

***

- 6/17/2026

We're drifting
along down
metallic rivers
what does
the Eye of Ra
mean to me
anymore
we're drifting
along down
metallic rivers
molten monuments
adorn the shoreline
in some places
we look
with wonder
and delight
towards
the horizon
of the night

***

- 6/17/2026

Days of the stone
days of the bone
days of the fire
and days
of the wind
days that
should begin anew
are in truth
but days
that were never ended
I am walking along
the edge
of a debt abyss
how I do miss
those nights
when the stars
seemed
so welcoming
to me
in the debt abyss
there is mostly
just anxiety
and fear
in these
days of the stone
and days
of the bone
I go about
my day
carrying much
anxiety
the songs
that we sing now
are songs
of how
it was before
when long ago
days of yore
are like
a distant shore
hardly seen
anymore
upon
a sea of mist

***

- 6/17/2026

So I see
all around me
numerous
eternal shadows
when we
last spoke
the ravens
were in the trees
just beyond
now snow clings
to the branches
a winter Sun
pierces the soul
with its memory
and its beauty
so I see
all around me
what I did not
see before
my vision
has been sharpened
a little
by the glaring ice
of another winter

***

- 6/17/2026

Working in
a lousy dive
putting up with
some lousy jive
long hours spent
wondering
if I'm still alive
working
in the lousy dive

***

- 6/17/2026

Out here
in the forest
at dawn
far away from
the busy world
each moment
is like
a pearl of time

***

- 6/17/2026

Worn down
by the years
there's only
stone now
never any tears
old memories
are the thorns
of my days
faces
names
regrets
thorns
and flesh wounds
new scars
and old scars
there's only
stone now
never a field
of flowers

***

- 6/17/2026

Casting ideas
out into
the night
hearing
whispered omens
of witches
three
vanity and glory
were never
for me
so that same fate
I shall not meet
though brighter
dawns
I shall not greet

***

- 6/17/2026

Send me
to the outskirts
of the city
there I'll purge
all self-pity
there I'll walk
the avenues
at dusk
there I must
find tranquility
or surrender
to the charm
of the Full Moon

***

- 6/17/2026

Bring me
to a meadow
bring me
to a pond
bring me
to an egret
bring me
to a swan
bring me
to a candle
bring me
to a lamp
take me across
the river
of the Sunrise
to the shore
where
the peacocks await

***

- 6/17/2026

Balloons
and lagoons
fill my summer
in my old
home town
nostalgia
is sometimes
like a pleasant
snakebite
that'll cost you
a dime
and there's
no limes
left to go
with the vodka
nostalgia
of limes
nights spent
drinking
the hard stuff
the next morning
waking up
on Hade's
front lawn

***

- 6/17/2026

Know you
the best
of hours
when nothing
seems sour
long days
long days
of grinding
for the grinder
the grinder was
a conception
of fools
glory be
to the tree
of life
it is far away
I'd need
some coin
to travel
I'd need
some coin
to stay
yet being closer
to the tree
of life
would be
the way
the way
I want to go
today

***

- 6/18/2026

Moonlight
shining down
upon
meridian water
doesn't make
much sense
you say
well I've never
claimed
that the sensical
was my way
stones and bones
tires and wires
light shining
upon the wind
how does light
shine down
upon the wind
not much sense
again
didn't I say
the sensical
wasn't
my cup of tea

***

- 6/18/2026

Dispel
thy charms
into a candlelight
of reason
do you hear
Hell's bells
tolling
for an occasion
we fear
to ponder
wander through
the valleys
of your own
memory
dispel
thy charms
into candlelight
abstain
from vain thinking
get yourself
a jug
and get drinking
do you hear
Hell's bells
tolling
is it for thee
for us all
for the nation
wash us ashore
O' sea eternal
upon a beach
where salvation
can still
be perceived
in the salty wind

***

- 6/18/2026

Dreaming of
a fallen star
beside a meadow
of boiling tar
time does spread
its dark wings
and its
bright ones to
cauldrons
in the forest
whisper
to wandering sages
how the ages
are full of mirth
and when
things are
full of mirth
it's inevitable
that time
will spread
its dark wings
and a star
will fall
over a meadow

***

- 6/18/2026

Go and be
the king
of fools
it's as fine
an ambition
as any other
think
drink
blink
there under
the blazing Sun
or is that
Apollo
crashing
down to Earth
his chariot aflame
pride
pride and vanity
is to blame
now a new
king of fools
we must choose

***

- 6/18/2026

Give me
refined architecture
wouldn't
you always
give me
horseshoes
and weathervanes
give me
the lantern
of that crazy old
Diogenes
did he ever find
an honest man
I have my doubts
yet with
refined architecture
I'm able
to muster up
some measure
of hope again

***

- 6/18/2026

Last of the dust
in the last
of the wind
out here
in the desert
of time
and the scorpions
are my
only companions
out here
in the desert
and tonight
the Moon
will be big
beautiful
and bright
like a great
block of cheese
over the desert
tonight

***

- 6/18/2026

Cast thy ego
into a cauldron
of newt eye
go out
onto the moor
through
the door
to the inner moor
within you
within
the weaving
conceiving
believing
imagination
that you possess
when the
hurley-burly
is early
blow out
the candle
and hope aloud
for an ideal wind
for kite flying

***

- 6/18/2026

The Moon
is crescent
tonight
and Venus
sparkles
with a hydra here
a cyclops there
I see many things
most mysteriously
that I do
now I abide
by the great words
of great sages
I'll reveal them
to you some day
when we meet again
in Elysium

***

- 6/28/2026

A wind
full of
wild soliloquies
and the bees
are done
making honey
for the day
many are
playing cards
and getting drunk
at this hour
and the sour apples
are still sour
and on the wind
I hear a bit
of dismay
about inflation
damn all inflation
yet it's as certain
as the sour apples
tasting sour

***

- 6/18/2026

Beholding
this reality
become a tomb
of the past
how some
have forgotten
that nothing last
for all time
fill your cask
with wine
if you be
so inclined
I never
wined and dined
I've only ever
drank cheap wine
in the shadows
and that
was just fine
with me
believing
that the wheel
will roll over
us all eventually
I have heard
many names
in the wind
who were they
a new day
will begin
in a few hours
some will
be out early
to wander about
the flowers

***

- 6/18/2026

An island
of beautiful
solitary moments
that's the place
for me
that's the place
I'll be
when things
befall you
that were foretold
and you're
not sure
how to be bold
don't look to me
I'll be
living free
on that
beautiful island
in the sea

***

- 6/19/2026

Are we
better off
than we were
I concur
this isn't so
so there
you go
at last we know
we're up
shit's creek
in a canoe
with
a broken paddle

***

- 6/19/2026

Give me
the truth
give me
the flower
do tell
if it's dawn
I do sense
the hour
I must down
that long
path go
for that
is my way
to bring myself
into the light
of a new day
as the night
was long
and the stars
appeared immortal
now the Sun
has risen
and such a choice
has been given

***

- 6/19/2026

Wandering
in a sea
of noise
and the grind
the grind appears
like a torrent
of despair
long hours
sacrificed
to long hours
yet to be
O' how I see
how different
it could be
if only
the madness
would subside
if only
the next tide
would bring
us rest

***

- 6/19/2026

They take
our hours
and feed them
to jackals
I would rather
they be offered up
to ravens
in a Sunset
of Autumn

***

- 6/19/2026

Step by step
plateaus
of salt
before me
Ziggurats built
to endure
the winds
of time
step by step
I am wandering
between reality
and a dream

***

- 6/19/2026

The job
is a real
grinder
it grinds
the soul
right out
of me
turns it
into dust
dust that
is me
then the winds
roll in
and I'm scattered
to the four corners
of nowhere

***

- 6/19/2026

Night of
the pillar
night
of the stone
night of
the obelisk
night of
the bone
night of
the old
record player
from nineteen
seventy two
night of
disco shoes
and velvet
night of
plugged in
electronic blues
night
of ancient
haiku
night of
the Pleiades
the dancing sisters
of the stars

***

- 6/19/2026

Some days
are musical
some days
are divine
some days
are with you
always
like vines
growing up
the walls
and some days
are like blizzards
and some days
are like
swaying trees
and some days
are like caterpillars
and some days
are like
angry bees

***

- 6/19/2026